

CAPE MAY BASE IS NAVAL ARGUS

Force of 2000 Men Keeps Constant Vigil in Air and Water

ITS EFFICIENCY PROVED

"Sub" Chasers, Patrol Boats and Hydroplanes Safeguard Important Section

Illustrations showing activities at the Cape May Naval Section Base appear on the pictorial page of this issue.

A big flying boat, officially listed as a navy hydroplane, is sighted off Cape May. It is flying high, and like a bird of the air is headed for its nest.

At first it is a mere speck that stands out against a pale blue sky, but quickly it approaches, and in the brief moments that the landman gazes aloft in wonderment at this romantic device of modern warfare it has reached the mouth of the river where a flock of "sub" chasers and patrol boats is taking a well-earned rest.

Then the navy airman, seemingly to take a fatherly peek at his subordinates below, circles the boat, and confident that all is well with the men in blue, points his craft toward the surface of the river. Down he swoops with all the majesty of a gull. He hits the water, but with such precision and nicety that not a standard is loosened. With a pilot, mechanic and a few bombs that were designed to sink enemy U-boats, the airman has just returned from a patrol over the entrance of Delaware Bay.

He reports that no enemy craft has been sighted, that the boys who guard our shipping and fight our foe from the deck of tiny "sub" chasers are well and happy and then turns in for a few hours' rest.

Flying Boat Operating No "Cinch" This airman will tell you that operating a flying boat off the storm-swept cape is not a "cinch," that there is not a particle of romance about it, but as he doffs his leather suit and warms his chilled body he will tell you that it's great sport and that he longs to meet a boche.

He is but one man of more than 2000 who are stationed at the Cape May naval section base, which, to the service man, is the very heart of navy operations on the Jersey and Delaware coasts.

It is from this base that "sub" chasers and patrol boats, to say nothing of the fleet of flying boats, operate. To them, or rather to their crews, Uncle Sam has delegated a most important task.

They are to watch for enemy undersea boats and, in a word, make the waters free and safe. Not until after the war will it be possible to spread upon the public records the achievements of our jacksies who are attached to the base, but the censorship does not withhold the information that they have constructed a mighty strong arm of defense.

To Become Permanent Base To such an extent have they proved their efficiency that the Government has decided to make it a permanent naval base. Steps in that direction have been taken in the form of new buildings that are to cost more than \$1,000,000. They will be ready for occupancy in another fortnight and when Captain F. J. Haake, commander of the base, takes his flight over the new group of buildings, the Navy Department will announce that the Cape May naval section base is a permanent institution and one that ranks in importance with any navy yard in the country.

The submarine, torpedo boat destroyer and "sub" chaser are no longer regarded by navy men as sinister, larger fighting craft, but considered as definite units and just as important in the navy scheme as the largest type of battleship. The war has revolutionized naval systems, and the small boat, the craft that can be constructed quickly and then worked with bee-like energy and efficiency, today occupies a fixed position of importance.

And whether we are at war or enjoying peace, these tiny craft will continue to form a most important part of the navy. They are developed to a nest where their crews can be trained. Naturally, the nest must occupy a position of strategic value, hence the establishment of the permanent naval base at Sewells Point, Cape May.

How the base was organized in an old recreation pier near the Corinthian Yacht Club by a bunch of naval veterans and how it developed to its present size and importance form an interesting chapter of naval history.

Facts Concerning the Base At this time the following facts concerning the base can be recorded. To begin with, it must be distinguished from the Wissinick Barracks for the latter is a training station and not a base of operations. On the Cape May naval section base rests the real work of protecting shipping and keeping the waters of the Fourth Naval District free of German submarines.

To do that requires a force of men that numbers more than 2000. To feed them Uncle Sam pays a yearly bill amounting to \$750,000, while the bill for clothing and other items used by the men and listed as "personnel expenses" requires more than \$400,000 a year.

Detailing the various departments one must mention a machine shop, radio station, railway for repair of ships, dispensary, flying boat nests, mess hall, barracks for men on shore duty and a half dozen minor establishments.

"But ain't we a great gang?" asked Sammy Freedman, when the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER reporter was introduced to the dapper sailor from Philadelphia. "A great gang" is absolutely right for, considering the bunch from any angle that you wish, there will be but one conclusion, and that will coincide with Sammy's assertion.

Mr. Freedman is twenty-six years old, and before his debut in the naval service of Uncle Sam he presided at the box office of the Casino Theatre. In the navy he made good and is now a full-fledged quartermaster, or, as a landman says, "a helmsman."

Captain Haake, a Seasoned Sailor But when one considers the gang it is necessary to include the genial skipper, Captain F. J. Haake. From the sides of his shoes to the brim of his cap the commander of the naval section base is a sailor. For thirty years he has been an officer in the United States coast guard service, an arm of the navy that has a wonderful string of achievements to its credit. For three years he was in command of the Perry and

coasted up and down the dangerous Alaskan coast. A seventy-mile northeast is a mere incident in his daily routine and, whether handling the cruiser of a yawl or on the bridge of a triller, he is at home. "To him was delegated the task of developing an efficient force of ships and men. It must be remembered that in the expansion of the navy it became necessary to place the Annapolis men on the bigger craft and to the naval reserve officers went assignments to patrol boats, mine sweepers and other small boats. One of these, Lieutenant Julius Zieser, was made executive officer at the naval station base. For construction of the Navy Department selected H. Mulford, an engineer from Bridgeton, N. J. He holds the rank of ensign and superintends the construction of everything from a flag staff to a large water-boat. The latter has just been completed and will serve the fleet that makes its home at Sewells Point.

Such an important naval station must have a driver, so Ed T. Tranta, of Philadelphia, fills the post. He has succeeded in teaching many others the arts and sciences of deep sea diving and is so fond of navy life that he will remain in the service.

Base Has Its Own "Wilhelms" Captain Haake's crew is so efficient that the Kaiser's navy won't take a chance in the waters around the capes, for the boys insisted upon having a man who would make them think of the German ruler. G. T. Wilhelm, a good-natured boy from 1938 Lightfoot street, Philadelphia, serves in that capacity.

"There's a whole lot in a name," says Wilhelm, "but I am 100 per cent Yankee. Have two brothers in France, so the Wilhelm family is well represented in the fighting forces of the country."

Go where you please and you will bump into a Philadelphian, for residents of the Quaker City are in every branch of service at the base.

"In sixteen months," said Ensign L. L. Gordon, "our commanding officer has taken a race crew from the shops, offices and manufacturing plants of Philadelphia and rounded out an efficient force of sailormen. Mr. Gordon has an EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER man before entering the service."

Another hydroplane came skipping down from the upper reaches of the river. As it reached a point in front of the club house the pilot manipulated his levers and the flying boat took the air. Its nose headed for the sea, it soon disappeared and began its lonely flight. "What a fine training," said Captain Haake, as the winged craft made its getaway. "Every man here has reaped the benefits of a wonderful training."

To those who wish to remain in the service there are golden opportunities ahead. It is a knowledge of no better career than that offered by the navy."

BUSINESS CAREER OF PETER FLINT A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead (Copyright)

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. Ask your questions clearly and give the facts. Tell the facts correct unless full address must be signed to all inquiries. These which are questions will be sent by mail. Other questions will be answered in this column. The most interesting problems of business will be woven into the story of Peter Flint.

AS SOON as I got to our office last Friday with my \$2000 policy, which got me more than my quota—115 points, in fact—I knew what the trouble was, for the fellows were congratulating Crofton.

Garta was saying: "Well, old chap, I'm glad you got it. Of course, I wanted to win myself, but I'd rather you beat me than any one else."

"Here, hold on a minute," I broke in; "how many points has 'C. C.' got?" "What's it matter how many he's got, long as he's got 100 first?" Garta growled. "Now you just cut out the croakie."

I looked at the ladder. "C. C.'s" doll was sitting on the top of it, so it didn't really help me. I looked at the blackboard and there I saw: Crofton 111 points "win first," I yelled. "I got 115 points."

"Say," said Garta to the fellows, "I wish some of you could just sit on Flint. He's a damned good fellow, but I don't like that. Just then Goldman came in to see what the racket was about. About ten of us began to tell him all one. Excited as I was, I noticed that 'C. C.' didn't have anything to say.

"Hold in, there, hold on," said Goldman; but as we didn't stop, he banged his fist on a desk and yelled, "For the love of Mike, shut up." That did the trick, and when we were quiet he said, "Now, the prize goes to the one who got 100 points first—it doesn't matter how many points over the 100 a man has so long as 100 is attained first."

"Now, Crofton, when did you get your

application?" I mean, what time of day?"

"I turned it in about 11:30. I got it signed about a quarter past eleven, so came right in to get credit for it."

"Then I beat him," I yelled. "Listen to me, Flint. Keep your yap shut, can't you? I'll have none of that bulldozing around here," came quietly from Goldman.

I saw he was getting mad, so sat down sulkily.

"What time did you turn your application, Flint?" he asked next.

"I only just turned it in, but I took it by 10 o'clock and I can prove it, too," I said hotly.

"Humph, if you took it at 10 o'clock, why did you wait till nearly 12 before turning it in?"

"Because—because, I wanted to see some one else about business. I telephoned in right away, but the line was busy."

I saw the fellows grin like they didn't believe me, and that made me hotter than ever. I turned on them and yelled:

"That's right, grin, you damned idiots. Think it's clever, I suppose! I bet you wouldn't grin like that if we were outside."

I felt Goldman's hand on my arm, and then he said, "Sit down, Flint, and don't get excited."

He then went for the switchboard operator and said, "Miss Isaacs, can you remember it, at any time during the morning, all the lines were busy?"

"She was thought for a moment and then replied: 'No, I don't think so, Mr. Goldman. I had quite a rush once this morning and couldn't give Mr. Perkins a line when he asked for it.'"

"What time was that, Miss Isaacs?" he next asked.

"I can't say for sure, but I should think about 10 o'clock."

Just then Perkins came and the matter was explained to him, and he said that about 10 o'clock all the lines had been busy as he wanted a hurry call, so he had gone to the next office to phone.

There was dead silence after that, and all wondered what Goldman would say. But "C. C." was the first to speak.

BRAVERY OF 79TH SHOWN IN LOSSES

German Treachery Mixed With Bravery of Pennsylvania Selected Men

SNIPER CAPTURES 36

Hagerstown Man Persuades Boches to Come Out of Their Dugout

Casualties among Pennsylvanians of the Seventy-ninth Division, the selected men who trained at Camp Meade, continue to be reported in letters coming from France telling of the fighting near Verdun. Stories of the heroism of these boys are mixed with first-hand reports from the men themselves of the treachery of the Germans.

A Red Cross station, with the flag of mercy flying over it, was used as protection for a German three-inch field gun, according to Lieutenant Charles Morris Simeell, of Oakland, Md., a mem-

ber of the 313th Infantry. He was wounded and lost most of his command in a 300-yard advance against a wood that bristled with machine guns.

Some of the casualties mentioned in letters from France follow:

Sergeant Harry T. Morrow, 310th Infantry, son of former Assemblyman Alexander Morrow of Catawissa, killed September 26; Private Clifford J. Gangever and Private Elmer T. Bomboy, both of Bethlehem, killed in action; Private Harry P. Boyle, Company L, 315th Infantry, of Mahanoy City, killed September 28; Private Walter M. Albert, Company C, 313th Infantry, of Hagerstown, Md., killed October 1; Sergeant Arthur P. Undercoffer, of Christians, killed in action.

Captain Fred A. Muhlengberg, 314th Infantry, an architect of Reading, has been wounded. Corporal Fred Kromer, 314th Infantry, of Allentown, is recovering from shrapnel wounds. Private Lloyd Elmer 314th Infantry, of Lancaster, was wounded by shrapnel.

Corporal Karl Kunkel, Company L, 320th Infantry, of New Kensington, was killed with several other non-coms of the company when a shell burst in the midst of their group.

Only fourteen years old when he enlisted, Private Harry M. Knerr, of Allentown, has been killed. Corporal Oscar E. Troxell, Company C, 323rd Infantry, of Allentown, died of wounds. Private Oliver J. Mosser Seventy-second Infantry, of Allentown, was killed October 5. Privates Thomas Kennedy and Frank Kowalchak, 311th Infantry, of Wilkes-Barre, have been killed.

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"I think, Mr. Goldman," he said in a casual manner, "that Flint deserves the first prize, and he's sure worked hard to get it." Then to me, "Congratulations, Flint."

"Gee, but I did feel small. At once I said, 'Nixie, 'C. C., you turned it in first and are the real winner.'"

Several of the fellows said something about "C. C." of course, being first. They know it till I butted in. I could see I wasn't popular, all right, all right.

"My, but you're a nuisance, Flint," growled Garta. "First you scarp scarp because you aren't first and then you scarp because you are. Anyhow, I'll decide this matter. I decide that it is a dead heat between Crofton and Flint, so an umbrella of equal value will be sent to each of the ladies they nominated to receive their prize."

"Now, you fellows behind the 100, get busy and get your quotas before Saturday middy."

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM The idealist man is the business crook. What does this mean to YOU?

A Series of Eye Talks No. 164 Our Next Talk Wed., Nov. 20, By Joseph C. Ferguson, Jr.

BEING, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. Early in your school days you learned that these were the five senses.

It requires but little thought to realize that of these the sense of sight is of the greatest importance. Without it, there is injury or loss of sight when it can be so generally prevented by early and correct treatment.

The best way to prevent or correct eye troubles is to go to an oculist as soon as you suspect that such trouble exists.

If glasses are necessary, they will be prescribed—in which case see that a Prescription Optician.

Dr. G. J. Ferguson's Prescription Opticians 6, 8 & 10 South 15th St. We Do Not Examine Eyes. "This Talk" from a copyright series, all rights reserved.

DR. PATTON ANSWERS CHRISTIAN PACIFISTS

Princeton's President Emeritus Quotes Bible to Justify Fighting Against Kaiser

Pacifists who take refuge behind their professions of "Christianity" were roundly criticized by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, president emeritus of Princeton Seminary, last night in Calvary Presbyterian Church, Fifteenth and Locust streets.

Under the title of "The War and Christianity," he took up various religious arguments advanced by pacifists and showed just how they are wrong and how even the Bible teaches to fight for the right.

"Whatever else is true of Christianity, it has not made men too cowardly to fight," declared Doctor Patton. "With all deference to the pacifists, I think the trend of Scripture is in favor of war under certain circumstances."

War was forced upon the world by Germany, he declared, and the large audience applauded as he continued: "We know the name of the man upon whose shoulders rests the guilt of this colossal crime."

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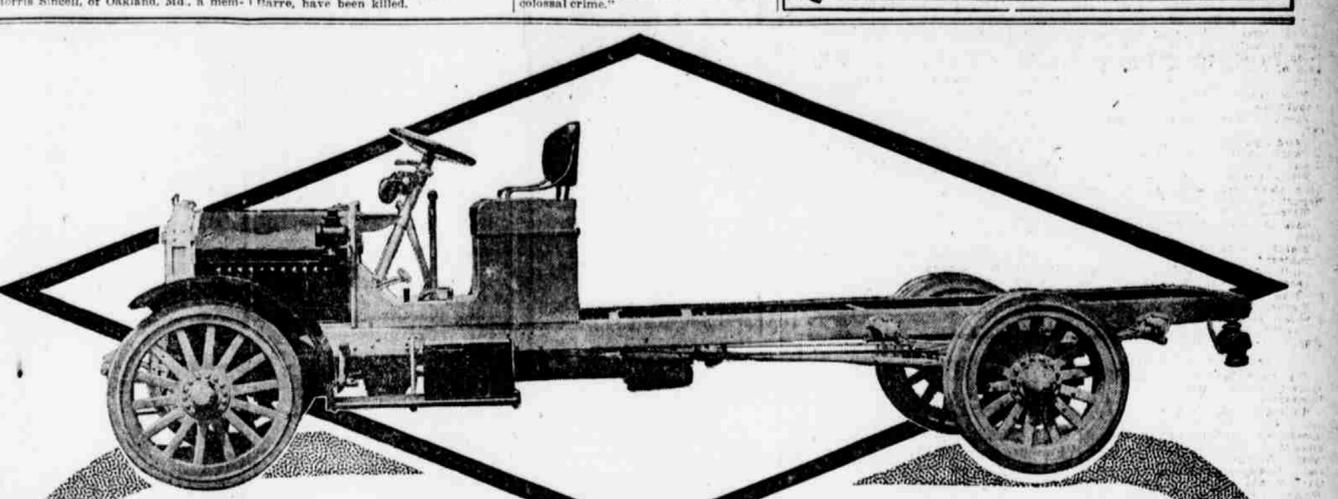
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MUNSING WEAR UNION SUITS PERFECT FITTING Long service develops no faults in Munsingwear. The fine quality, softness, elasticity, and unusual durability of the fabric, the comfort-giving smoothness of the seams, the perfect fit and the perfection of finish, all are points of lasting satisfaction and service that have made Munsingwear the Nation's underwear. All sizes in many styles for men, women, and children. Sold at the better stores. Let Munsingwear cover you with satisfaction.



Announcement

The Bigelow-Wiley Motor Company will hereafter control the distribution of Bessemer Motor Trucks in this territory.

This step has been taken after careful investigation of the merits of a number of leading makes of motor trucks. In offering to truck-users hereabout the Bessemer Motor Truck we are convinced that no other make offers so many advantages from the truck owner's standpoint.

Immediate deliveries can be made. The Bessemer Motor Truck Company has been in the truck business for nine years. It has been successful; it is well financed; its trucks have been thoroughly tested in almost all lines of business.

In design and construction the Bessemer compares to advantage with all other trucks on the market, and the price is from \$300 to \$600 lower than the average for trucks of similar hauling capacity.

The Bessemer Motor Truck Company (now of Grove City, Pa.) is building a new plant in Holmesburg, just outside Philadelphia. It will be in operation within a few weeks, and it will bring the factory headquarters almost to our door and to the doors of our patrons.

In response to questions as to the service-giving character of the truck we received a reply from every one of the large number of users of Bessemer Trucks to whom we wrote. Every one of these replies was favorable to the Bessemer.

It was the privilege of the Bigelow-Wiley Company, in recognition of its prominence in the motor field, to act as the distributor for any one of more than a dozen different makes of motor trucks. From this number the Bessemer has been chosen with the greatest care and deliberation.

Prompt deliveries of Bessemer Trucks are insured by the location of the factory. Transportation conditions cannot affect deliveries.

We investigated ten makes of trucks in this manner and only the Bessemer showed a 100% clean record judged on the basis of users' testimony.

We are confident that Bessemer quality plus Bigelow-Wiley service opens a new opportunity to every truck owner in this district.

Bigelow-Wiley Motor Co.

(Also Distributors for Paige Automobiles) 304 NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Model G, 1 Ton. \$1450 Model H, 1 1/2 Ton. \$1950

Model J, 2 Ton. \$2490 Model K, 3 1/2 Ton. \$3450



"There Is No Profiteering at Reeds"

We are tempted to adopt the above slogan for publicity purposes during the duration of the war because it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true.

A fine illustration is this: We offer at \$2.00 each Men's Madras shirts of an exceptionally fine cloth, made in beautiful and tasteful designs and colorings. They are through and through stripes alternated with luster stripes.

Finished with French cuffs.

We could justly ask \$3.00 for these shirts—one maker says we're foolish not to ask \$3.50 in view of present values—but that doesn't appeal to the Reed Merchandising policy at all.

The price is \$2.00, and we confidently expect a big drive on them, because they are wonderful value.

JACOB REED'S SONS 1424-1426 CHESTNUT STREET

MONEY, LOWEST RATES ON DIAMONDS & GOODS OF VALUE FRIDENBERG 37 N. 11th St. (at 11th & Arch) And Cor. 12th & Chestnut